

Two versions of Keep the Home Fires Burning

Original words by Lena Gilbert Ford 1914

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardships
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song:

Keep the Home Fires Burning,
While your hearts are yearning.
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

Overseas there came a pleading,
"Help a nation in distress."
And we gave our glorious laddies -
Honour bade us do no less,
For no gallant son of Britain
To a tyrant's yoke shall bend,
And no Englishman is silent
To the sacred call of "Friend."

Keep the homes fires burning...

Adapted by Chris Rust, December 2013

They were called in from the farmland
They were summoned from the mill
And most of them were ready,
To hear the nation's call
We cheered them at the parting
And as they marched along
While our hearts were breaking
They sang this hopeful song

Keep the homes fires burning
While your hearts are yearning
Though your boys are far away
They dream of home
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining
Turn the darkness inside out
'Till the boys come home

On the wire a boy is dying,
While the generals play hard chess
If a man will march through terror,
His friends can do no less.
And thoughts of home or freedom
Just threads that slip the mind,
When death's your only master
And luck your only friend

Keep the homes fires burning...

© 2013 Chris Rust

